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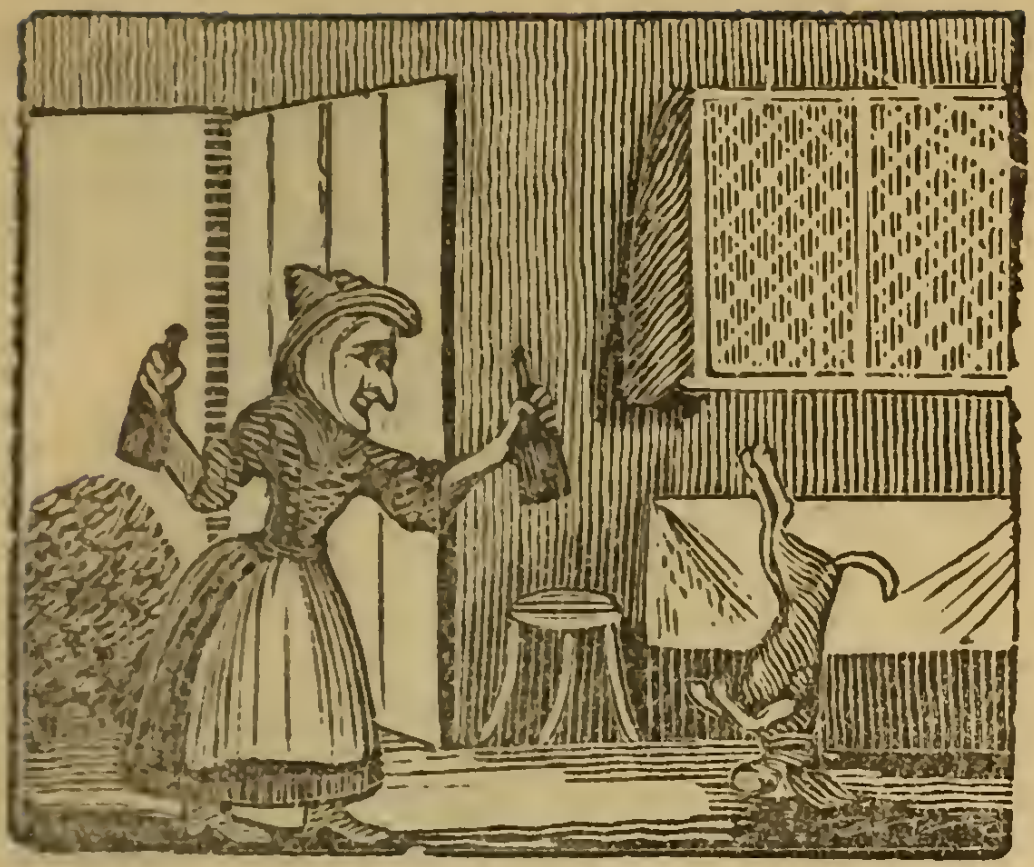
OLD
MOTHER HUBBARD
AND
HER DOG.

BANBURY:
Printed by J. G. Rusher.

Old Mother Hubbard.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To give the poor dog a bone;
When she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
When she came back,
She thought he was dead.



She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
And, when she came back,
The dog began laughing.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
When she came back,
He stood on his head.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish;
When she came back,
He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To buy him some beer;
And when she came back,
He sat in a chair.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
When she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the shoe-mart
To buy him some shoes;
And when she came back,
He sat reading the news.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
When she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
And when she came back,
He was riding the goat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
When she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen;
And when she came back,
The dog began spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
When she came back,
He was drest in his clothes.

She went out to purchase
Pens, paper, and ink;
And when she came back,
He'd gathered a pink.

She took a clean dish
To buy him some tripe;
When she came back,
He was smoking a pipe.

She went for a rabbit,
To make him a pie;
When she came back,
The dame said "Good bye!"

The dame made a curtsey,
Prin and Puss made a bow ;
The dame said "Your servant !"
The dog said "Bow-wow !"

The dame had been broiling
Some meat t'other day,
Prin's mother came in,
And took it away.

As Prin had been busy,
With tripe, fish and wine,
He sent invitation
To Greyhound to dine.

And he brought a neighbour,
To gamble and play;
One nodded "Good morning!"
And t'other "Good day!"

The Bear and the Tiger
Came where they were hid;
They all of them scampered,
Without being bid.

The Eagle came next,
And Peacock so gay;
They both were alarmed,
And both flew away.

We'll ride a cock-horse
To Banbury-cross,
To see Mother Hubbard
Ride on a white horse ;
Rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
That she may have music
Wherever she goes.